MEAT PUPPET™

QUICK START GUIDE FOR MEAT PUPPET

Pentium® 100 or better* 16 Megs of RAM* Direct Draw Video Card Compatible*
Direct Sound Compatible Card

INSTALLATION For Windows® 95

1. Close all open programs.
2. Insert the MEAT PUPPET CD-ROM into your CD-ROM drive if you dare.
3. If autoplay is enabled on your computer, MEAT PUPPET will launch an installation program. If autoplay is not enabled, double-click on the "My Computer" icon. Search for your CD-ROM drive (usually D:), right-click on it and select "Open" to reveal the contents of the Meat Puppet CD-ROM. Select "setup.exe" from the list of files on the root directory of the CD-ROM. This will begin the installation procedure.
4. You will now be prompted to confirm that all open programs have been closed and that you're ready for the next step in installing MEAT PUPPET. If you wish to continue click "Next" (strongly recommended).
5. Your next prompt will be to select the location of where MEAT PUPPET will be installed to your hard drive. If you wish to install MEAT PUPPET onto your C drive in a directory called "\MEAT PUPPET" (this is recommended), click "Next". Otherwise, click "Browse" and locate the directory where you wish to install MEAT PUPPET into. After selecting the location for the installation, click "Next".
6. MEAT PUPPET requires Microsoft DirectX 3.0 to function properly. The MEAT PUPPET installation program will ask you if it can install DirectX 3.0. If you have an earlier version installed on your computer MEAT PUPPET installation will update your version of DirectX to 3.0. If you already have DirectX 3.0 installed, no files will be replaced. Click "Yes" to update/install DirectX, or "No" to quit the installation program.

7. Once you have finished the MEAT PUPPET installation procedure, you are ready to play MEAT PUPPET. Click on your Start menu, select the folder where you installed MEAT PUPPET Shortcuts and click on the MEAT PUPPET icon. MEAT PUPPET will now start.

MAIN MENU SCREEN

All menus can be accessed by using the mouse.
During gameplay, simply press ESC to bring main menu on screen.

New Game By selecting this you will enter the MEAT PUPPET world.
Load Game By selecting this you can load a previously saved game.
Save Game By selecting this you can save a game anywhere in the MEAT PUPPET world.
Delete Game By selecting this you can delete a saved game.
Replay Movie By selecting this you can see any previous found MEAT PUPPET cinema.
Quit By selecting this you have declared defeat and really should go back to the MEAT PUPPET world.
Credits By selecting this you can find out who the twisted people are involved in this product.
Options By selecting this you can adjust several options.

OPTIONS

SFX Volume You can adjust the sound effects by clicking the up and down arrows. The higher the number the louder the sound effect.
CD Volume You can adjust the music by clicking the up and down arrows. The higher the number the louder the music.
Resolution You can adjust the screen resolution that MEAT PUPPET plays in. Low, Medium, and High, whatever suits you.
Brightness You can adjust the brightness of MEAT PUPPET by clicking the up and down arrows. The higher the number the brighter the screen.
Difficulty You can adjust the difficulty of MEAT PUPPET. Choose between Regular and Difficult for those really tough folk.
Control You can choose between keyboard or mouse control. Remember that the keyboard control still requires you to use the mouse.

HINTS FOR YOU

1. Save all the time....MEAT PUPPET is loaded with little nasty tricks that can easily cause Lotos to die. Oh, and we didn't put continue points in the game.

2. Remember that MEAT PUPPET is a timed game. If you want to kill everything or pick up all the power ups you probably won't make it in time for the big finale. As Dumaine says in the opening scene, "Boom".

3. Power-ups and switches are often hidden behind things. If you're stuck, try blowing things up...You'll either find the object that you're looking for or you'll have a lot of fun. Not a bad deal....

4. Swarming little enemies are a problem??? Not if you back flip.

5. Listen to the Ambassadors. Yes, I know that most of them sound insane but they do have valuable information regarding your next mission. Dumaine doesn't know everything.

KEYBOARD CONTROLS

For mouse controls, see back of jewel case

Arrow Keys
will turn and move Lotos in that direction

Space Bar
will change weapon selection

Control Key + Arrow Keys
will make Lotos run

Shift Key + Right and Left Arrows
will make Lotos roll right or left

Shift Key + Up and Down Arrows
will make Lotos backflip forward or backward

Left Mouse Button
will punch and shoot various objects and enemies

Right Mouse Button
will scroll screen ahead to snipe and look further into room

SHORTCUT KEYS

Pg Up will increase brightness of the screen
Pg Dwn will dim the screen
Shift + Pg Up will raise sound effects
Shift + Pg Dwn will lower sound effects
Alt + Pg Up Raise CD volume
Alt + Pg Dwn Lower CD volume
Esc Popup / Cancel menu
Home will display the last message from Dumaine
End will display the last pop-up screen

FUNCTION KEYS

F1 Switches the resolution to low
F2 Switches the resolution to medium
F3 Switches the resolution to high
F4 Background Loading On/Off. This option will increase of decrease your load time depending upon the performance of your machine.
F5 Gameplay instructions
F6 List of Power-ups

Alt+N New Game
Alt+S Save Game
Alt+R Replay Movie
Alt+O Options
Alt+L Load Game
Alt+D Delete Game
Alt+C Credits

TROUBLE SHOOTING

Q: I want to play in Hi-res but nothing happens.
A: If you are missing a driver or don't have enough video RAM to run in Hi-res, MEAT PUPPET continues to display the current resolution.

Q: The game takes forever to load.
A: Check your CD-ROM cache under Windows settings. Set it to medium or maximum. This should help.

Q: Lotos runs like she's in molasses!!!!
A: When all characters are moving slowly in every room, there's most likely a problem with your Direct Draw drivers. As a Windows 95 game, MEAT PUPPET relies on those drivers for optimum performance. Run the setup from the DirectX directory of the disc and make certain you've installed the most recent drivers. If the problem persists, there's a chance that your video card doesn't support Direct Draw. Contact your vendor for the most recent drivers.

Q: My machine runs slowly in Hi-res mode.
A: Run the game in the highest resolution only if you have a screaming fast machine. Some are faster then others, and surprisingly, some slower machines handle Hi-res fine.

Q: Where can I get further technical assistance or ask game play questions?
A: You can reach us the following ways:

MAIL

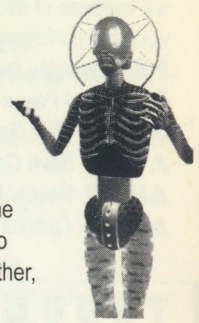
PLAYMATES INTERACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT
611 Anton Blvd., Suite 500
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

PHONE, U.S. (714) 428-2112
EMAIL: PIE@PLAYMATESTOYS.COM

or go to our website for further information, cheat codes, game play tips, software updates & patches at:
http://www.playmatestoys.com/piehome.htm

DUMAINE'S JOURNAL

I am lucid dreaming, my breath a fog of sweet zeros and ones. Once I was human, once I was man. Now I keep measure of time allotted my dear, tarnished Lotos, urging her on her way to the sodden, salty bloodplay that has become this, the last night of her life. Poor Lotos. She surrendered her body to the Martinet, and in service to this shadow man, she will kill, and kill, and kill again. This is how we both know that we are alive.



Lotos is everything I am not. She is strong, fierce, a beacon of cold iron will. Her fury is a force of nature, laying waste to everything in her path. And she is wicked in the ways of the old ones of lost generations that would do anything to protect this world from those that would enslave it and its people. Not wicked like me.

The remnants of the personality I was before the Martinet changed me whisper of sexual proxy, intoxicated longing, taut latex bindings. But as he held me, transfixing me with eyes twin pools of emptiness, my soul was stripped bare. I cannot remember who I was nor who Lotos might have been. We were both in demand, for one thing or another, that is for certain.

LOTOS SPEAKS

Yeah, I answered that stupid ad and showed up to the cocktail party dressed to kill. In a dress, you moron. I didn't get this nearly-naked body stocking until after the party. Look, I can hold my liquor, but my hors d'oeuvres? That's another story. One bad weenie and pow! Out like a light. When I woke up, that's all I could remember: the party and the ad. Nocturnal missions indeed. If I had known I was going to have to knock off the heads of industrialized states, I wouldn't have worn heels.

DUMAINE'S JOURNAL

She is difficult, this one. I have never encountered a living human with the sheer nerve of Lotos Abstraction. Lotos remains indomitable even in the face of the overwhelming odds. As partners, we must infiltrate these Embassies in Neoteric Los Angeles and assassinate the Ambassadors that rule there. This will be no easy task. I suspect that each embodies the technology of their industry. Flesh will become steel. The dead will walk. This is not so strange in a world where electricity thinks, is it?

But Lotos takes these oddities in stride. If a Meat Puppet is to survive the Martinet's design, it will be her. I only wish that I could be of more assistance. My own origin is shrouded even to me, wiped clear by the purging algorithms at the Martinet's disposal, but I cannot shake the feeling that I was first a sexual advisor to the idle rich. This does not necessarily render me a superior battle tactician though I will assist in any way that I can.

LOTOS

Hey, Dumaine, you idiot. This suit itches. And it doesn't look like it's going to stop any bullets. What the hell is this Martinet thinking about? How does he expect a girl to do her job without the right gear, anyway? I'm going to break something…

DUMAINE

We're here in the heart of the Circle of Power surrounded by the powers of world control. Each of the industrial Embassies here are rumored to house forbidden technologies and dark secrets. Consumer advocates believe that the ruined sewer system below this area is full of cast-off experiments and toxic pollutants.

The earth was not always such a wretched place. It took many decades for mankind to sink to such base levels.

TIMELINE

2005 The Big One levels most of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Anchorage, Memphis, and Tokyo. Disaster areas for the next five years, these areas are quickly riddled with disease and civil disobedience.

2006 Lions of Industry formed and bids on rebuilding quake-hit cities. Emile Medamothi, ambassador to Lions of Industry, loses feeling in both legs; his sexual organs are removed and placed in permanent pneumatic service.

2007 U.S. economy collapses under combined weight of providing emergency services and relief to disaster areas and the unbalanced health care system. The objective of terraforming Venus is shelved for the foreseeable future. The food riots of 2007 begin and Distopia emerges as the major supplier of guns to both the rioters and the remnants of the US armed forces.

2008 Corpus Delecti, supplier of aggregate bodies for hire, contracted by provisional Los Angeles government to "improve" the available militia to unprecedented levels. The result: curfews are successfully enforced and the riots end but not before many citizens have been eaten. Those that survive find relief in food supplies beginning to arrive. Unified now has purchased the largest tract of farm collectives in the world and with their cheap fertilizers are soon ready to feed the world. Emile Medamothi's heart is replaced by a mechanical pump; the original organ is removed to an undisclosed location where it is nurtured in a protein bath with the hope of encouraging its ravaged tissues to regenerate.

2009 Corpus Delecti provides enhanced soldiers for use abroad in the Pacific Rim skirmishes and the Aboriginal Reclamation Campaign.

2010 Lions of Industry successfully stabilize the geological faults below several ruined cities including Los Angeles. Building of the new metropolis Neoteric Los Angeles begins.

2011 Emile Medamothi continues to deteriorate physically while his mind retains a unique clarity.

2012 Spin Doctors Media International emerges as the most powerful corporate media interest. They successfully do away with printed media and, in conjunction with Corpus Delecti, introduce the cranial link for direct narrowcasting to the human brain.

2013 The Circle of Power is established at the heart of a stabilized Neoteric Los Angeles. Corpus Delecti, Lions of Industry, Media International, all build Embassies there, in effect holding their corporate arms out to the masses of humanity, saying "We love you. Love us."

2014 Eugenics Clinics builds their Embassy in the Circle of Power, and not to be outdone, their rivals, House of Plasm build their Embassy almost next door. Both pay gross sums of money to Media International to improve their wretched public images. At the same time, the Eugenics Clinics succeed in combining reptilian DNA with human genetic material. The results are surprising.

2015 A reluctant Distopia joins the Circle of Power, hoping to feign legitimacy until they can rule the world. The rest of the Embassies are constructed, including The Institute for Trainable Polymers. Introspect takes its places in the Circle. Emile Medamothi loses a leg to gangrene.

2017 Lions of Industry complete the rebuilding of Neoteric Los Angeles.

2018 House of Plasm stabilizes their cheap carbon life substitute and create the first metaform that can survive outside the support vat.

2024 Distopia begins construction of their mass driver.

2025 Lions of Industry finish rebuilding New Tokyo and have run out of contracts; their decline begins. House of Plasm increases the time a metaform may survive outside a support tank by one day. Tesla Ingersoll, ambassador for House of Plasm, begins to replace his carbon body with programmable plasm.

2026 Introspect succeeds in extracting pure thought from the human database: Apex enters the vacuum of the bell jar. The Institute for Trainable Polymers rechristens itself The Institute for Trainable Metals and Polymers (I.T.M.P.) with the advent of programmable metal; they complete work on a prototype suit of armor. Distopia completes their mass driver. The Martinet runs an ad for party girls and chooses Lotos Abstraction as a meat puppet pawn to do his dirty work.

DOMAINE

Pay attention, Lotos, and stop swearing. You need to hear this to understand your enemies. Los Angeles plays host to all major and lesser industrial Embassies. Like the diplomatic outposts of the previous century, these Embassies are political and industrial no man's lands, a country unto themselves when the concept of country has long since been abolished. On the complex grounds of an Embassy, the Ambassador makes the laws and metes out punishment for any transgressions. Certainly these complexes contain technological and financial secrets of untold value; likewise they are guarded well with the best offensive technology and vulgar manpower the company sponsoring the Embassy has to offer.

The social and political standing of an Embassy is measured by a variety of factors not limited to monetary, information, and military power. More esoteric powers, such as media manipulation and psychosis projection, among others, can also influence an Embassy's standing.

Ambassadors grudgingly cooperate with one another when mutually beneficial such as when a technological holding of one group is needed by another and vice versa. The Ambassador who has nothing to trade can expect to pay dearly in cash and other liquid assets.

Alliances do exist between Embassies, though not all members of these alliances are pleased with their standing and may be actively seeking to undo the pacts that bind them. Often Embassies with mutually beneficial agreements between them construct physical walkways from Embassy building to Embassy building so that Ambassadors and personnel may travel freely between offices.

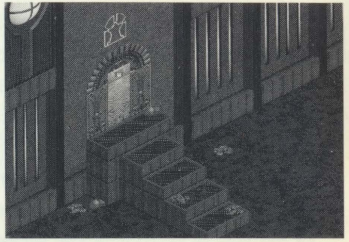
All Ambassadors have one common goal: world domination for their company, whatever the cost in human life. Business is business.

LOTOS

Bastards. I'll kill them all.

DUMAINE

How fortunate. That is now your job, after all. And more fortunate for you, I've uncovered a data cache containing crucial background material on each Embassy and its Ambassador. In some cases, I've even located a map of the complex.



HOUSE OF PLASM

These programmable DNA merchants consider themselves the intellectual avant-garde of the gene splicers. They reject humanity as a source of raw genetic material, preferring instead to synthesize their stock from scratch. The House of Plasm is renowned for their ability to create multi-purpose metaforms—temporary organisms with the ability to instantly adapt to any environment, provided there is room in the onboard genetic RAM for the presets. These metaforms often arrive on the job in their undirected state—dumped unceremoniously from the back of a company truck—and only grow limbs and sensory apparati as necessary. Such metaforms are known on the street as "Death in a Sausage Skin" and are revered for their killing power.

To achieve world domination, The House of Plasm plans to perfect their tissue stabilization techniques and replace standard organic materials with multi-purpose plasm constructs.

IN TESLA'S OWN WORDS

I am one with the plasm, flesh girl, and it is one with me. The god of the metaform, any form, I am the walking answer to your panicked dreams. Come to me and be filled, filled with the plasm.

FREAKONE

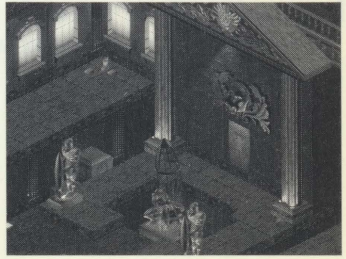
This three-legged sac of plasm is fully ambulatory, scampering about on its little chicken legs. When cornered it spits a stream of raw, acidic plasm—usually enough to frighten away most opponents.

MOTHERMETAFORM

Alternately a sausage skin full of gray plasm, a giant sea cucumber secreting egg cases, and a gangly blistered humanoid with tentacles instead of arms, Mothermetaform exists to brutally lash anyone who ventures too close.

LIONS OF INDUSTRY

These relics from the Industrial Revolution linger on, the Old Money of the New Business. Long ago, the steel mills, iron mines, and transportation companies merged in preparation for a space race that never ran. Left instead with more terrestrial—and less lucrative—projects such as building the Neoteric Los Angeles, the Lions of Industry remain poised for the last big contract, tight-fisting their assets until they can rape the final frontier. Until then, they occupy themselves with the construction of large machines—prototypes for the tabled Venus expedition.



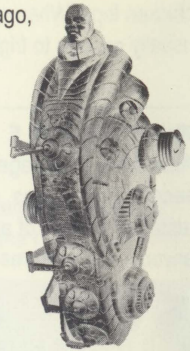
The Lions of Industry resent everyone and have as little to do with any outside Ambassadors as possible.

LEONINES

These gun-toting soldiers are the son of Emile Medamothi. They aren't the most accurate shots, but then again, their minds aren't on the job. Who can blame them? They want to colonize the stars and dad's paltry trillions will only take them so far.

EMILE MEDAMOTHI, CEO

Emile has lingered well past the opportunity for a graceful death. Instead, he spends his days plotting the destruction of modern civil engineering achievements and how to spark the second space race—a race that would replenish his company's dwindling coffers and get his space crazy sons off his back.



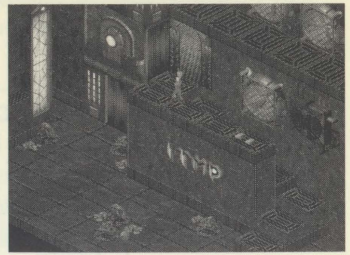
Though Emile should have died at about the time his heart burst fifty-seven years ago, he did not. His lawyers had him placed within a specially constructed iron lung that both supported his collapsing chest and replaced the ragged scraps of his heart with steel valves. Emile can no longer walk, but from where he lays in his office, staring face up at the ceiling, he routinely conducts business. Emile detests most recent technology such as genetics and the work of Corpus Delecti, and therefore relies on the dated but functional inventions of the last century. He does invest in contemporary armament, however, and needless to say, the lung — though corroded and moldy in a few spots—bristles with defensive mechanisms. The old bastard sleeps well in such security.

A QUOTE FROM THE PATRIARCH EMILE MEDAMOTHI:

Oh, if I still had legs, I'd give you what for, heh, heh you little dolly, little sweet thing. I'm liking the looks of them hips, girl.

INSTITUTE FOR TRAINED METALS AND POLYMERS

A decade ago the first programmable plasticware rose from the ITMP conglomeration tanks. The hermetically sealable plastic could generate heat to keep hot food hot, leach BTUs to keep cold food cold, and expand or contract to accommodate almost any sized foodstuff. It also, unfortunately, could easily crush the human skull and the brains inside. Such strength and control over temperature was later exploited in armored battle suits with sporadic results. Certain common bacteria rapidly digest the plastic suits. Industrial scuttlebutt indicates ITMP is nearing the final stages of testing a new trained metal battle armor that is not only resistant to bacteria but extraordinarily resistant to bullets as well.



JONATHAN GUILT, AMBASSADOR

Ambassador Guilt remains in touch with his humanity, looking completely normal when not in an aggressive stance. He still enjoys the physical pleasures available only to the powerful, but inside, he is anything but human.

His skeleton has been replaced with trained metal; a sheath of the stuff protects his vital organs—all except his brain, and after a future surgery, that too will be protected. Already, Guilt is supremely confident in his ability to outmatch any opponent, and welcomes combat. He tends to forget that the more complex the program for trainable metal, the longer the lag times between running and execution.
This may be his undoing.

WHIPKEEPER

These worried guards wear the protective plastic uniforms of the Institute for Trained Metals and Polymers. They sound angry but that's just an act; these guys prefer to incapacitate opponents with adhesive bullets and stunning whip attacks. Do not let them corner you.

EUGENICS CLINICS

Unlike their purist relatives at The House of Plasm, the Eugenics clinicians embrace the bloodiness of the human organism and seek to unite the disparate kingdoms of the animals in order to build the ultimate human being. Their methodical work inter-splicing human and lower order mammalian DNA has produced powerful soldiers and hardy workers; with megadoses of the appropriate hormones, these hybrids can expect to live five, six or even seven years before the genetic grafts fail. Public disapproval for the inevitable death of "The Children of the Knife and the Needle" keeps Eugenics Clinics from attaining status as a major Embassy.

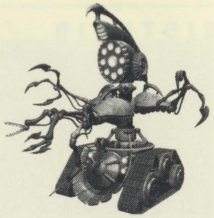
CORONADO COUSIN

Communication with the Ambassador of the Eugenics Clinics is always via teleconference and always with a static image of a somber, nondescript man on screen. This is the face the Eugenics Clinics have shown the world for the last fifty years. The true form of the Ambassador is too repulsive for the average human to view without careful education. The Eugenics Ambassador is reputed to be the ugliest living thing on the planet.

NURSE MUCKLEWRATH

The Mucklewrath sisters were first chosen as one of the few human families capable of wrangling the truculent children at the Eugenic Clinics. The current crop of Mucklewrath have been imbued with increased strength and a hatred of children. They don't like meat puppets, either. Armed with a short ranged hypodermic, the Mucklewrath spend most of their time smoking and gossiping amongst themselves.

SURGIKILL



Multi-armed and bladed autodocs, these metal menaces can be programmed to attack as well as heal. Surgical machines come in three classes: dangerous, vicious, and deadly. Unarmored opponents must stay clear of the scalpels or become hamburger.

BRIGADIERS

Dragging a huge surgical knife behind him, the big-headed Brigadier possesses significant intelligence, nearly adult strength, and a penchant for climbing. His favorite attack is to leap on people from behind and rip their throats open, all the while laughing to himself.

CRUSADERS

Crusaders are big-headed mercenaries carrying large electrical surgical saws which they gleefully turn on anyone within their stubby arm's reach. As somewhat more mature forms of the Brigadier, they are smarter and tougher to kill.

FETAL KNIEVAL

Fetal Knieval are super smart fetuses still in embryonic development. Engineered for their combat abilities, they are put to work from the first moment of sentience. Their vehicles consist of a durable plastic cylinder, a set of heavily armored tank treads, and a flame thrower. Their preferred mode of attack is to ignite their opponents.

DISTOPIA

Simply put, Distopia is the major manufacturer of street weapons. Their motto: Guns, guns, guns. Distopians believe in world domination through anarchy: firepower to the people, they always say. Due to the global restrictions on outdoor nuclear testing, the Distopians have field trials indoors.

NAMELESS CHIEFTAINS OF DISTOPIA

The Tribal Collective—a group of five angry men, each representing the interests of their own large corporation—heads the anarchistic Distopia. Unlike other Embassies wherein the mutual interests of all sub-corporations are represented by a single Ambassador, Distopia is ruled by lose democracy, though with the in-fighting and bloodshed common to their board meetings, the Distopians often seem on the verge of internal revolt. Indeed, the Distopians replace their Chieftains so often, not even their PR agency knows who runs the place on any given day.

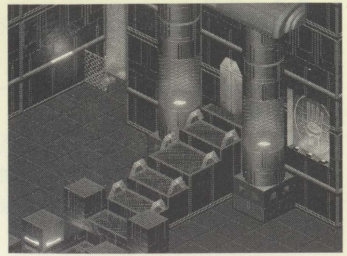
THE NAMELESS CHIEFTAINS DISCOURSE ON LIFE

Chief One: Beauty wears a full metal jacket.
Chief Two: Pain befriends all in the end.
Chief Three: Mortal enemies make the best business partners.
Chief Four: Anger is truth.
Chief Five: The people call, anarchy answers.

WENCHES OF DISTOPIA

The Wenches of Distopia are fierce soldiers and fearsome concubines with a great love of explosions and gunplay. They don't seem to mind the damage that their little wars inflict on their home Embassy, nor are they afraid to take combat to the street. Their weapon of choice is the sawed-off rocket launcher.

INTROSPECT



The human custodians of this institution are adamant that their somber charges are capable of independent thought. As yet, the grim machines provide answers only when questioned. The superiority of their coding skills is not in question, however, and the corporation is more than capable of providing impeccably tailored code upgrades for anything programmable including personal techs and trainable metals.

It is the belief of the human beings at Introspect that when their machines have something revelatory to say to the world, they'll hear it first. They believe in world domination through patience and owning the rights to the Source Code of Oracles. There is no information available on their Ambassador.

ABOMINATIONS

These Eugenics Clinics castoffs are wretched creatures, with all the worst aspects of man and beast combined in one hideous countenance. No amount of training can change their fondness for darkness, human flank steak and rare cheeses.

AGGREGATE BODIES

These human cyborgs—on loan from Corpus Delecti—appear much like human soldiers until they sustain critical damage. At that time they split in half, the legs stalking away to join with other torsos or cannons and torsos walking away on their hands in search of a new set of legs. In any condition, Aggregate Bodies are formidable soldiers and never put their pistols away when there's killing to be done.

LOTOS
So how is all this supposed to help me? Looks like a parade of freaks to me. Kill them all, I say.

DUMAINE
Oh, you'll try I have no doubt. And truthfully, no one will mourn their passing. But listen to me when I have something to interject; never let your killing spree interfere with your missions: the selective assassination of the Ambassadors. Are you listening?

LOTOS
Yes. Hurry up. My trigger finger itches.

DUMAINE
When the Martinet issues an assassination order, you carry it out. I can't block the colonic detonation signal for more than a few minutes.

LOTOS
Enchanting.

DUMAINE
After you kill an Ambassador, you may have several hours to explore an Embassy. Remember, it's a big world; try not to get lost. Use consoles to check your position on their map screens. I've also included a set of simple maps for the Embassies. Some even indicate where you can locate the Ambassadors.

LOTOS
Thanks. You're a big help.

DUMAINE
If you can get into the sewer system, you can probably find basement entrances to some Embassies. They have to have sewer access so they can dispose of their dirty little secrets.

LOTOS
I hate them more by the minute.

DUMAINE
In ITMP you will find a prototype Trained Metal armor. Steal it. If you can find a series of data consoles there and access them, I can improve the armor's performance through the radio cranial link in your spine. I can do this up to four times. Even if you are called away to another assassination, return to ITMP to find all four armor improvement consoles. The improved armor could save your life.

LOTOS
Great. Now I'm a thief and a murderer. Do you ever give up?

DUMAINE
No. And don't forget our bargain. If you perform the assassinations and locate the Martinet, I will block the colonic detonation while you kill him. Then we will both be free.

LOTOS
All right, shut up and point me in the right direction.

MEAT PUPPET™

"I COMMAND.
YOU OBEY.
EVERYBODY GETS
WHAT THEY DESERVE."

CONTROLS

Mouse	Move targeting sight and turn Lotos to face targeting sight
Left Mouse	Fire and activate switches
Right Mouse	Walk forward
CTRL + Right Mouse	Make Lotos run
Double Click Right Mouse	Make Lotos jump
Shift + Right or Left Arrow	Make Lotos roll left or right
Shift + Up or Down Arrow	Make Lotos flip forward or backward
Space Bar	Scroll through weapons
1—5	Change weapon
ESC	Display main menu, cancel main menu
HOME	Display last Dumaine message
END	Display the last information screen
BACKSPACE	Toggle mouse/keyboard controls

PLAYMATES INTERACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT PIE

www.playmatestoys.com

Item # 6571

KRONOS DIGITAL ENTERTAINMENT INC.

MATURE
STRONG LANGUAGE
ANIMATED BLOOD AND GORE
For information on this product's rating, please call 1-800-771-3772

MEAT PUPPET™

CREDITS

PLAYMATES

Producer
David Hoffman

Associate Producer
Carlos Rodriguez

VP Development & Business Affairs
Gary Rosenfeld

QA Lead
James Martinez

Testing Staff
Anthony Vasquez
Dave Arranaga
Jose Zatarain
Lee Jones
Dave Ontiveros

VP Sales and Marketing
David Localio

Marketing Manager
Mark J. Polcyn

SPECIAL THANKS

Playmates Toys
Thomas Chan
Richard Sallis
Mark Lee
Ed Chanda
Sue Lucchino
Chris Archer
Leland Mah
Ann Gabrielson
Stefanie Mateus
Rogers & Cowan
XXCal Testing Labs
Rich Frey
Andy Brown
Laurie Graham
Noah Stein
Emma
D. Luehmann
And to all the people that supported and believed in this product through the development process.

Told you it would come out TT....

KRONOS

Executive Producers
Stan Liu
Albert Co

Producer
David Sears

Assistant Producer
Lori Sears

Lead Programmer
Luigi Warren

Senior Programmer
Dan Candella

Consulting Programmer Additional Character AI
Max Reason

Programmers
Sam Cai
Rob Kerbs
Joseph Lee

Design
David Sears,
Rich Neves

Art Director, Animator Conceptual Artist
Max Chapman

Senior Animator
Francis Co

Animators
John Igawa
Darrin Krumweide
Kee Suong

Additional Animation
Kevin Lee

Background Artists
Jennifer Curtis,
Merrick Rustia
Yenson Soetanto

Interface & Ancillary Graphics
Pakin Liptawat

Storyboards and Additional Conceptual Art
John Paik

Additional Conceptual Art
Farzaf Varahrayamyan

Tilting Assistants
Sandy Abe
Anthony Lagunzad
Dana Taing

SPECIAL THANKS

Art
Rachel Coleman
Steve Knotts
Andy Koo
Mike Michalopoulos

Programming
Heather Barclay

Design
Dave Hoffman
Carlos Rodriguez
Tom Tanaka

Design Assistants
H.R. Puffinstuff
Ted Bundy
Mueslix the Cat
Dorf on Design
E.M. Stock

Performers
Valerie Arem (Voice)
  Lotos Abstraction
Brad Kane (Voice)
  Dumaine
Bob Bergen (Voice)
  Aggregate Bodies,
  Eugenics Kids
Larry Brandenberg (Voice)
  Apex
  Jonathan Guilt
  Leonines
Jim Gallant (Voice)
  Emile Medamothi
  Surgikill
  Whipkeepers
Kevin Killebrew (Voice)
  Abomination
  Chieftans of Distopia
  Cicero and Coronado Cousin
Patricia Winters (Body Actor)
  Lotos Abstraction

PLAYMATES INTERACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT PIE

KRONOS™ DIGITAL ENTERTAINMENT INC.

Created by Kronos Digital Entertainment, Inc. Meat Puppet™, Kronos™ and their characters and logos are™ and ©1997 Kronos Digital Entertainment, Inc. All rights reserved. Artwork and design ©1997 Playmates Interactive Entertainment, Inc. All rights reserved.

MEAT PUPPET™

Item # 6571

COMPACT disc

PC CD ROM

KRONOS DIGITAL ENTERTAINMENT INC.

Created by Kronos Digital Entertainment, Inc.
Meat Puppet™, Kronos™ and their characters and logos
are™ and ©1997 Kronos Digital Entertainment, Inc.
All rights reserved.
Artwork and design
©1997 Playmates Interactive Entertainment, Inc.
All rights reserved.